

GOD! THERE ARE NO WOMEN HERE! - CHAPTER 11: THERE'S ACTUALLY ANJIN!

The location of the examination room was arranged in accordance with the ranking of the entrance exam at the beginning of the school year for seating. An Zhen entered the examination room and saw a few classmates in the room, as well as a few from the next class.

Sanqing Middle School has 30 classes in one grade, including 4 prestigious classes, 9 key classes and 17 parallel classes. So, good grades will always be in the minority. An Zhen is in the parallel class with the largest base in the whole school. And there are good and bad parallel classes, An Zhen's class 16 is considered to be at the back of the parallel classes. But their class is quite famous, for one thing, the class teacher is a female teacher, although the average look and personality is not good, but at least it is a female teacher; the second is that their class has a rare two girls, and the school flower of the three Qing is also in class 16.

This is a very, very enviable thing.

Although the students in class 16 are proud that their class teacher is a female teacher, only they know the heartache of it.

The woman's name is Meng Hou, and no one will say a bad word about her, whether they know her or don't know her.

When the bell rang, An Zhen picked up the pen and began to answer the questions seriously. When An Zhen was halfway through her answer, she suddenly felt a gaze next to her. An Zhen raised his head a little and saw Jiang Li staring at his own paper with a serious face.

An Zhen: "....."

Jiang Li found An Zhen looking at him and smiled ingratiatingly at An Zhen. While An Zhen's paper was not turned over, he hurriedly looked at it two more times.

An Zhen is very speechless, looked at the examination of other people. The other people are either lying on their backs playing with pens or sleeping on their backs, the teacher seems to have known that this scene would be, so not how to look at the students below, self-consciously correcting the homework held before.

The first thing you need to do is to take a look at the other side of the room and see how serious Jiang Li is about learning.

An Zhen turned the paper over to the other side and continued to do the questions.

When the bell rang, the invigilator put everyone's papers away, Jiang Li surrounded An Zhen and said, "I can't see you kid still answer quite vigorously, I see your papers are written all over, is not trying to bo a sympathy score ah?"

The students who took the exam next door also came out. Jiang Li saw Qingzi and called him over.

Qingzi: "How did you do?"

Jiang Li: "What do you think?"

Jiang Li looked at Qingzi, did not speak, Qingzi looked at Jiang Li also did not speak, the two looked at each other for a long time, and suddenly "hey hey hey" laugh.

An Zhen:

Not really understand their brain waves.

"Where is Little A?" Jiang Li asked.

"Here!" Little A also emerged from the classroom, "Hey, it killed me to write, I almost couldn't finish my essay! I haven't even eaten breakfast yet. Where's Yasuko? Are you going to buy bread?"

Anjin: "I'm not going to go, I'll read for a while and prepare for my next exam."

"Okay." Aoko and the others didn't say much, you climbed on me and I pulled you along and left.

Twenty minutes later, An Zhen looked at the clock on the wall, there were still ten minutes to go before the next exam, but Jiang Li and the others hadn't returned yet.

The students all returned to the exam in twos and threes. The invigilator walked to the examination room with the papers in his arms. He took a look at the classroom and found that there was still a seat that was empty. When he was frowning, a boy with a red baseball cap suddenly rushed into the classroom, wrapped in the smell of instant noodles, and holding a cup of milk tea in his hand.

An Zhen saw Jiang Li come in and put his mind at ease.

Jiang Li held a cup of hot milk tea and put it on the edge of An Zhen's desk.

"Here, it's for you."

An Zhen whispered, "What, a bribe?"

Jiang Li sat down in his seat, snickering in the process: "Come on, your score is not as much as mine, it's better to look at yours than to guess myself!"

Soon the exam started again.

Jiang Li completely forgot what he said, and kept glancing at An Zhen's side, and desperately gave An Zhen a mouth shape to let her take her hand away a little, not to block the paper.

After the exam, An Zhen asked Jiang Li: "Didn't you say it was better to look at me than to guess yourself?"

Jiang Li: "Although I originally thought so, but see you write too seriously, I always feel sorry for myself not to look twice."

An Zhen: "....."

An Zhen was speechless.

The two-day exam soon ended in the process of one serious writing and one quiet looking.

When An Zhen finished writing the last stroke, she took a long breath. After a while, the bell rang. The last student in each row got up to collect the papers.

An Zhen watched the paper being handed over to the invigilator and thought to herself, "Let's take it one step at a time, as I thought.

But things didn't turn out as easy as An Zhen thought.

On Tuesday, a student suddenly ran into the classroom and shouted, "The results are out, let's go and see!"

The classroom was quiet for a moment, and then the commotion immediately resumed.

"It's just like that anyway, what's there to see."

"Haha, look at the results, just look at them."

"No, it's useless to look at it."

There was a lack of interest in the results list.

Soon another student ran to the classroom and shouted, "Look! There is a student in our class who has been honored!"

"Who is it?"

"It must be those guys."

"Oh, those are the 'top students'."

This "top students" used a bit ironic, because even in their class ranking of the top few students, in the grade are ranked several hundred after.

"Damn, you guys go to see ah, An Zhen on the recognition list!"

"Who? An Zhen?"

"Haha, did you see it wrong?"

A group of people were laughing and joking, but they got up lazily and were ready to take a look at the list to confirm the "mistake" he was talking about.

The students of class 16 came to the list of grades.

The lists were "Top 10," "Top 100," "Top 500," "Top Subject " and "Yearly Progress List".

Although very few people in their class are on the list, it doesn't mean that the list doesn't have people's attention. Especially the "Top 10 in Grade" list, there are always a few people, although they are not in the same class, but they are all familiar faces.

The first thing we did was to look at the "Top 10 in the Grade" list. There were 10 people in total, with everyone's picture printed on it, and it was the same people, so we swept through it all at a glance. Then they looked at the last few rows of the "Top 500", and as before, the list was not friendly to the people in their class. Finally, they moved their eyes to the "grade progress list", and when they saw the first person on the progress list, they all froze.

Damn, Anjin? Anjin?

The photo of An Zhen is still the same as when he first started school, with long bangs that cover his eyes and a pair of rectangular black-framed glasses underneath. Suddenly seeing this photo, no one reacted until they saw the text below, then they dared to confirm -

An Zhen

Senior (16)

Grade ranking: 501

Progress rank: 800+